

FANON RESURRECTED

by

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Lanky and with a bald pate
The black brother greets us
"Wanna buy somethin' real cheap?"
He smiles.
A silence of assessment ensues.
Not waiting for an answer
He fumbles about in his bag
A bracelet. A necklace. An earring.
"Cost 300 bucks. Take
'em for 100."

Across the street at the bus stop
A cream chocolate spot among a pageant of vanilla cones
Frowns. Looks at a blue-eyed blonde
Beside her. Sighs.
"Verminous as the scum of the society."
Beyond her, on the horizon
The apparition of Fanon
Smiles at the Prediction:
"Black Skins, White masks."